



Thompson Sculp



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DEMOCRITUS,
THE
Laughing Philosopher's
Trip into England.

OR,
Seven Days AMUSEMENTS
AND
CONTEMPLATIONS,

Intermixt with
Uncommon REFLECTIONS

BOTH
SERIOUS and MERRY,

On the *Follies* and *Vices* daily committed by both
SEXES of all RELIGIONS and VOCATIONS,
in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

Written by a banish'd HERMIT, lately arriv'd from
Foreign Countries.

The Third Edition.

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THE
PREFACE.

PREFACES are now become as common as a Bawd's lending out Beauty for Hire ; so that a Book without one, would look as bald, as the Head of wrinkled Time. Tho' in the Introduction, I have made as if *Democritus* and the *Hermit* were one and the same Man, yet are they two different Persons, but so alike the two *Socia's* in *Plautus's Amphitryo*, that was either of 'em to fire a House, make a Riot, or do some other little Thing to come at a Mistress, a Man of a nice Speculation could
A not

not swear truly, which was the real Offender.

Thus, a *Heathen* Philosopher may go for a *Christian* Hermit, or a *Christian* Hermit for a *Heathen* Philosopher; 'tis no matter which, since there are more honest Heathens than *Christians*, and the worser sort of *Christians* too, are found in and about the Metropolis of *Great-Britain*; where Pride, Ignorance, Insolence, Knavery and Lust, continually walking Hand in Hand, you shall see a Foot-man wearing Shams, to make Linnen last clean a Fortnight; the Fool, wise in his own Conceit; the indebted Lord, insult over his Creditors; the Knave that is rich, counted an honest Man; the pamper'd Blood of every young RAKE fir'd at the Sight of a Whore; and so predominant

The PREFACE iii

minant is the Inclination of Men, even half Blind, half Lame, half Deaf, half Dumb, and but half Alive, that in their Desires of begetting their own Species, they are as warm and ridiculous, as when in the Heat of Youth.

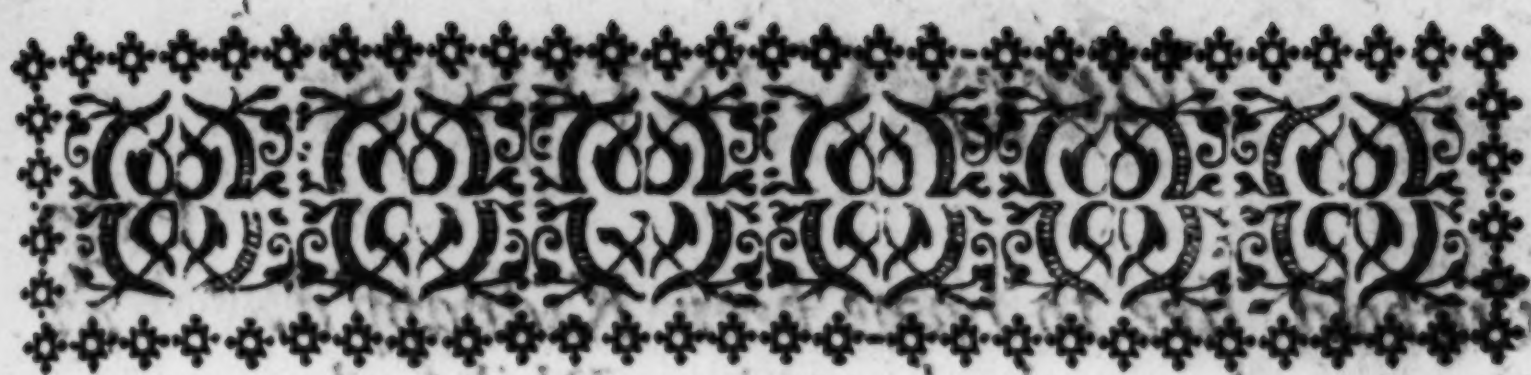
'Tis said, a Man's very ill, that is in an ill Humour, and truly a Man of moral Sense, then must never expect to be well in this Climate, where the most notorious Follies and Vices are so extravagantly great, that they would make the laughing Philosopher *Democritus*, or most austere Hermit Heart-sick, in spite of all the Art and Skill of *Hippocrates*, or *Galen*; whose Fellows, I am sure, are not, at present, to be found in the College of *Physicians*.

How often shall we see a Hare-brain'd Gentleman, of a good Estate, make himself the Jest of the
A 2 Town,

Town, by marrying a handsome Beggar for Love? How often again shall others embrace without Love, and make Vows without Conscience of Obligation? Nor since the *Hermit* is come Home from Banishment, he could never see a married Woman carry all her Kisses to the right Owner, her Husband, which he being sensible of, he may, perhaps, imitate Quality, by having different Beds in the same House.

Many Follies and Vices are here fully expos'd, but the *Hermit*, if he does not suffer a second Exile, intends to unmask 'em all, by shortly presenting the World with such a satyrical Piece of Reflections, that if it will not put vicious Fools out of Countenance at their Follies, it shall, at least, make them be universally laugh'd at, and scorn'd by the sober Part of Mankind.

MERRY



M E R R Y

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DEMOCRITUS;
 OR, THE
 Laughing PHILOSOPHER'S
 TRIP into *ENGLAND:*
 OR,
Seven Days Amusements,
 AND
 CONTEMPLATIONS.

*Written by a HERMIT newly arrived from
 FOREIGN PARTS.*



“ **T**HE Heathen Philosopher *De-*
 “ *mocritus*, who was always laugh-
 “ ing at the Vanities of the
 “ World, being christianiz'd, we
 “ will suppose him to have re-
 “ ceiv'd, before the Day of Judg-
 “ ment, when all the Sons of *Adam* shall arise at
 B that

“ that grand *Affize*, a *Resurrection from the Dead* ;
“ and so taking a *Trip into England*, turn’d
“ *English Hermit*, as being naturaliz’d, for Fo-
“ reigners sometimes obtain that Privilege, by
“ an Act of Parliament. But by the way, we
“ must take Notice, that as other Hermits com-
“ monly liv’d in Rocks and Caves of the Earth,
“ in Woods, Wildernesses, and other solitary
“ Places, for their better Contemplation on hea-
“ venly Things ; this Hermit chus’d a private
“ Cell in the ancient City of *Westminster*, that
“ he might truly contemplate on the Vanities
“ reigning in both Sexes in this Nation ; and
“ accordingly he gives an impartial Relation
“ of what he observ’d in seven Days, which
“ comprehends a whole Week.





S U N D A Y.



AS the *Christian* Faith was planted here as early, almost, as in any Nation, (for it was planted here in the Time of the Apostles, and probably by one of them) so, if we may believe our Histories, it was this Country *England*, to which God vouchsaf'd the Honour of having the first *Christian* King in *Europe*, namely *Lucius*; and likewise giving Birth to *Constantine*, the first Emperor of all *Christendom*; now without doubt, we may reasonably suppose, that in the Reign of those Princes, the *Lord's Day*, or *Sunday*, was kept with as great strictness as the *Jews* and *Turks* their *Sabbath* on *Saturday* and *Friday*; but alas! How do we deviate now from our Ancestors! Instead of making *Sunday* a Day of rest and religious Adoration of our Maker, we make it a Day of Labour and Pleasure, to the utter Scandal of *Christianity*.

Having been retir'd to my Cell for six Months, I was resolv'd to contemplate abroad on the Solemnity of this Day; so going to *Westminster-Abby*, I was soon surfeited with seeing the Choristers, or Singing-men defile the Gospel with their Conversation and their Thumbs; so I was making the best of my way out at the *East Door*, where I was detain'd with reading

the following Epitaph which is upon the Monument of the Author of *Hudibras*.

M. S.

SAMUELIS BUTLERI.

QUI *Strenshamiae in Agro Vigorn. nat. 1612. obit Lond. 1680. Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer; operibus ingenii, non item Præmiis felix. Satyrici apud nos Carminis artifex egregius; quo simulata Religioni Larvam detraxit, & perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit: Scriptorum in suo genere primus & postremus. Ne, cui vivo deerant ferè omnia, deesset etiam tumultus, hoc tandem posito marmore curavit Johannes Barber Civis Londinensis. 1721.*

Englisbed.

SACRED to the Memory of *Samuel Butler*, who was born at *Strensham* in *Worcestershire*, 1612; died at *London* 1680. A Man in the first Place learned, sharp and witty; happy in the Works of Ingenuity, but not rewarded. An egregious Writer among us of satyrical Verse; wherein he lash'd the Bigots of a counterfeit Religion, and most freely lampoon'd the Wickedness of Traytors; being the first and last of Writers in his Way. Not only were almost all Things wanting to him whilst alive, but also a Tomb when dead; so this Monument was erected by *John Barber*, Citizen of *London*, in 1721.

Upon the Account of the Hardships which this incomparable Wit met with, it occasion'd
some

some Person to fix the following Tetrastick under it.

*Th' immortal Man serv'd Church and Court,
Yet nothing got but starving for't :
To after Ages be't recorded,
How gloriously he was rewarded.*

Hence I went to Saint James's Church, but truly I saw but very little Devotion, for the Beaux did nothing but ogle the Ladies, who only came hither to see and be seen ; and others that pretended to the greatest Purity, put on the Cloak of Religion, not to save their Souls, but to hide their Vices, as some Women wear Masks, not to preserve their Beauty, but to hide their Ugliness ; but my Contemplation on their Sin taking away their Veil, I plainly perceiv'd they were wicked enough, for all the Promises of Piety and Virtue ; thus may I affirm, without any Solecism in the Notion, that Hypocrisy is an exact Imitation of the Devil ; who, to support Vice, generally hangs out the Colours of Virtue.

Going next to Saint Paul's Cathedral, I could find no more Religion here than where I had been before, for in one Place sat a Lord Mayor a-sleep, in another Place sat an old Alderman nodding, till his Gold Chain rattled again to the Tune of one of the Choristers, who, tho' he had not a Chamber-Voice, yet his Quail-Pipe shew'd him excellently well qualify'd for Chamber-Practice ; and the Gentlewomen, that look'd thro' their Fingers, had never been here, but for the sake of the Musick and long Perukes.

Thought

Thought I to myself, if there was so little Devotion in the establish'd Church of the Land, I would go and see what Zeal might be found in the tolerated Meeting-Houses; so entering a Pantile-House, otherwise call'd *Oliver's Tabernacle*, situated not a Mile from the *Gate-house*, I hear'd the fanatical Cackler say to his Congregation, he had People of good Fashion and Credit, who were zealous Benefactors to their Guide, and paid well for the Assurance of Salvation. But sometimes by the frightful Doctrine of Non-Election and Damnation, he did make a few ragamuffin Reprobates take up the Knife of Despair, and cut their Throats with a great Decorum. However, (quoth he again) who could blame him for his Doctrine, if it should be a Means of making two or three Garretteers, and as many Cellar-Divers, by the Help of twisted Hemp, or cold Iron, forward their Journies to the Lord knows whither, the World has the less to provide for; and those that are gone have, according to the Opinion of their Forefathers, nothing to care for; and truly he was never without a Score of such Communicants to spare, and when gone, he thought there was a comfortable Riddance of 'em. But when I heard all this nonsensical Cant, what do you think was my Thought? Why indeed I thought the Parson and all his Congregation was such a parcel of Scoundrels, whose diminutive Souls I look'd upon to be meer Trumpery, damag'd Goods, not worthy their Freight to any other Place besides *Hell*. Furthermore, I now began to have a better Respect than before for the Church of *England*, which generally preaches *Alcaly's*, the *Presbyterians* al-

together

together *Acids*: Both may do well, according to the different Constitutions they meet; but the former seem to operate with the Men of Sense, and the latter with the Mob.

Being out of Conceit with *Presbytery*, I went forthwith to *Little Wild-street*, to hear what the *Anabaptist* Pratler had to say to the two female Hair-Buyers, near *Clare Market*, who'll lie, whore, and dissemble, as well as their hawking Husbands, can bite and trick all Mankind that will let 'em; and here I saw the vociferous Holderforth, was as bold and sawcy in his prating Box, as if the Deity and all Mankind had ow'd him Money. This Impudence made me think, that the ready Road to Hell was through *Anabaptism*; and that nothing could be a greater Scandal to a Halter, than this fanatical Pastor.

Next, I went to the *Quakers* Meeting-house against *Exeter Exchange* in the *Strand*, thinking to my self, that tho' that Sect had once a Member, namely *James Naylor*, who did peep thro' the Yoke of Infamy, lost his two Members of Attention, hugg'd the Vagabond's Land-mark against the Will of the Spirit, undergo the Rod of Correction, and suffer'd the Clack of the Spirit to be bor'd through with a hot Wimble, for warranting himself to be the Son of the Father, yet there might be some good People among them: But no sooner was I enter'd into this sighing and groaning Assembly, but I heard Blasphemy was the modestest of their Discourse; and every Holderforth, whether Male or Female, would talk Nonsense as confidently as if he had got a Patent for it; besides confirming the popish Maxim, That *Ignorance was the Mother*

Mother of Devotion. The Women, I observ'd, were the oddest Creatures in the World, neither Fish nor Flesh, but like Frogs, only their lower Parts was Man's Meat, which makes their Husbands sometimes go about to prove Infallibility, from their Wives lying on their Backs.

Bidding adieu to this Tribe of Iniquity, I made the best of my Way to my Cell again, where I began to contemplate on the Breach of the *Sabbath*, in reflecting how the Fields are fuller of People than the Churches; the Spring-Gardens are cramm'd with both Sexes, where the Turnings in the little Wildernesses are so intricate, that the most experienced Mothers have often lost themselves, in looking for their Daughters; and in *Hyde-Park*, you may see a World of Fops, rich Liveries, and gilt Coaches, in some of which are upstart Courtiers, blown up as big as Pride and Vanity can make them, sitting as upright as if a Stake was driven through them; whilst Bevvies of gallant Ladies in Chariots are, some singing, others laughing, others tickling one another, and all of them toying and devouring Sweetmeats, March-pane, and *China* Oranges, with as good Stomachs as General *Fairfax's* Men were wont to have at a Thanksgiving Dinner. Thus the poor Cattle cannot rest on a *Sunday*; but well may the Laity use their Horses on this Day, when our very Clergy sets a Pattern before them, for breaking the fourth Commandment.

On this Day every Tavern is made the Rendezvous of Drunkards, 'till Claret makes their Noses as red as the dominical Letter; every Coffee-house becomes *Dover's Court*, where
all

all speak, but none hear or answer ; every Ale-house is cramm'd with Journeymen-Taylors, Tinkers, and other Mechanicks ; every Distiller's Shop is visited by old Basket-Women, Mumpers, Foot-Soldiers and their Trulls, to poyson themselves with *Geneva* ; but what signifies a Soldier in time of Peace ? They are good for nothing but hanging or starving, when we have no Occasion for them. Again, every Barber's Shop allures into it, Shoals of Car-men, Coachmen, Dray-men and Porters, by promising on the Sign to Shave for a Penny ; and every Shop which sells Belly-Timber, is haunted by Folks of all Fashions ; but the most charitable Cook I know of, at present, lives not very far from *Shoe-Lane*, who, for all he has been an Evidence against his Customers, is nevertheless, since his Abjuration of *Torism*, so tender-hearted to a poor *Whig*, as to let him have (provided he finds his own Bread) the Benefit of his Dripping-pan for nothing.

In *St. James's Park* you shall see as much Vanity, for, on the Parade, is an Adjutant Back-beating the Soldiers, whom their Captains Belly-beat, by cheating them of their Pay, for which, if they have the Courage to ask, it is Mutiny, and nothing can atone the Crime of asking for their own, but shooting to Death. At the Canal some formal Citizens are pleas'd to see their Children, whom they really believe to be of their own getting, because their Wives say so, make the Ducks scramble for bits of Bread. In the private Recesses of the Island, Fornication and Adultery is committed from Morning to Night. On the *North Side* of the Park is a little House, where the same Work is

C

carrying

carrying on by inferior People, for the Procreation of Mankind. By *Rosamond's Pond* are stalking, Rogues and Whores by Couples, as the Beasts went into *Noah's Ark*. In the *Mall* may you behold Shoals of the lewd Gentry making Assignations, and observing new Fashions. And under the dead Wall, stand a parcel of young Strumpets, crying, *A Cann of Milk, Sir; a Cann of Milk, Madam*; and publickly squeezing the Cows Teats with as much eagerness, as they privately do the Nipples of a Skip-kennel, or Foot-Soldier.

This is the Day, that many People go to a Bawdy-House, to keep (as they pretend) out of ill Company. This is the Day that some go to a Gaming-House, to throw away Money upon the Chance of a Card, or Fate of a Die; and be bubled out of an Estate, by a little spotted Ivory, and painted Paper. This is the Day that others go to Evening Lectures to be pickt up. And this is the Day that some read Plays, Novels and Romances, instead of Books of Devotion. And, moreover, give me leave to say, that the very breaking of the *Sabbath* keeps half the Villages about *London, Westminster* and *Southwark*.

If there is any Religion in this Kingdom, it must be among the poorer sort of People, for to be needy and religious, is the easiest Thing in the World; which inclines me to believe, Poverty and Piety are as great Companions as Impudence and Ignorance, or Love and Jealousy: But was the *Sabbath* kept with that Strictness which the positive Laws of the Land require, we should have more rich Men than are at present truly religious also, which would
soon

SUNDAY. II

soon stop those Sources and Fountains of Irreligion and Lewdness, from whence the lesser Streams flow, that have almost overspread the Face of the Nation; those Abysses of Impiety, which have, of late, been broke up, and caus'd such a Deluge of Wickedness, that even the Ark of God's Church, and the few good People in it, are in Danger from the Inundation.





M O N D A Y.

THIS being a Day when Men ought to begin to follow their several Occupations, for the honest Support of themselves and their Families, I stept out of my Cell into *Bridges-Street*, where seeing a great Croud of Chair-Men, Coach-Men and Orange-Women, and enquiring the meaning of their assembling thus together, they told me, they attended the Play-House. Now having heard before my arrival into *England*, that good Morals were to be learnt from the Stage, I gave half a Crown for admittance into the Theatre-Royal, but, contrary to my Expectation, I found I was got into the wrong Box, for instead of seeing Men and Women of good Principles, I saw a vast number of Fops, Jilts, Bulls, Rakes and Gamesters, who were as far from learning Morality, as the Teachers of it practise it. For what Goodness or Honesty can one reap from that bloody-minded Fellow, who, every *Southwark Fair* kills a Brace of Lions three or four times a-day for a Fortnight together? What Goodness, or Honesty can one reap from that *Mulatto*, who being endu'd with Impudence and Ignorance from his Mother's Womb, is therefore appointed to act the Part of a foolish *Irishman*?

What

What Goodness or Honesty can one reap from the Buffoon that effects to be called Jubilee Dicky? Yet to hook in a Tallyman for a good Suit of Cloaths, if he mistrusts their Non-Payments, they will exclaim against Knavery, with as much Concern as ever was beheld in the Face of a dying Penitent, between the Severity of a Halter, and the Decency of a Night-cap.

In the *Boxes* sit Lords and Ladies, who come to laugh, and be laugh'd at for being there; and seeing Quality is ridicul'd by every tribolary Poet, Knights also come hither to learn the amorous Smirk, the alamode Grin, the antick Bow, the newest fashion'd Cringe, and how to adjust the Phiz, to make themselves as ridiculous by Art, as they are by Nature. In the *Pit* sit Gentlemen and Strumpets, whose Ears are as much ravish'd with a smutty Song, as their Eyes charm'd with an impudent Dance. In the middle *Gallery* sit the middling Sort of People, such as Lawyers Clerks, Mercers, Journeymen, and Merchants and Tradesmens Wives, who giving their Approbation to Whoredom, say, that it and Gaming are two very serviceable Vices in a Common-wealth, because they make Money circulate. And in the upper *Gallery* sit Journeymen-Taylors and Chambermaids; and at the last Act the brawny Bulk-begotten Footmen are let in for nothing, because their Masters are Benefactors to this House of Pollution, Sink of Iniquity, and Nursery of Uncleannefs. All this last Sort of Fry, pretend to be great Judges of Plays, and think themselves as good Criticks as Longinus; therefore as they clap or hiss, a Tragedy

gedy stands or falls; but let it be never so bad, if there is but a fine Machine, or Thunder and Lightning in't, their Mobilityship will reprieve it right or wrong from damning; for alas! poor illiterate Fools they know no better.

The *English* Stage has now so great a Share in Atheism, Impudence, and Profaneness, that it looks like an Assembly of Demons, directing the Way to Hell-ward; and the more blasphemous the *Poets* are, the more are they admir'd. And now pausing to my self, that a Lawyer picks a Man's Pocket, but gives him Law for't; a Physician empties your Pockets, but gives you Pills for it; and a Whore empties your Purse, but gives you the Pox for it; it made me to contemplate on the unconscionable Extortion of the Playhouse, in that it does not only cheat a Man of his Money, but his Time also, without giving him a Reason for it: And the same I think may be said of Balls, Masquerades, and Ridotto's; where amorous Coxcombs are as fond of the Production of their Lewdness, as a young Woman of the Fruit of her lost Virginity.

Hence going along the Hundreds of *Druery*, the Whores of that Place, stood in whole Shoals from one End of the Lane to t'other. I suppose the informing Constables had been raising Contribution among 'em, for I heard many of them cry out, Alas! we have Punishment enough in this World, in being often scratch'd out of our Boroughs by those informing Ferrets, who make worse Havock with us poor sculking Creatures, than so many Weasles or Polcats would do with Conies in a Warren; besides, we sleep in Fear, walk in
Dread,

Dread, converse in Danger, do our Business, poor Wretches! instead of Pleasure, with aking Hearts; thus this is a miserable Age we live in, that one Part of Mankind cannot obey the great Law of Nature, but the other Part shall make a Law to punish them for it, which Sport, if totally neglected, would soon make Lions and Tygers Princes of the Earth, and turn the World into a solitary Wilderness.

Indeed, I thought the Punishment of these common Harlots was not adequate to their abominable Wickedness; one of whom was so impudent as to take up her Coats before my Face, and open her Sluice, to the great Danger of drowning the *Low Countries* in an Inundation of salt Water. But what signifies punishing some of this infectious Cattle, without all? It avails nothing towards a thorough Reformation of Manners. The poor Whores suffer Persecution, whilst the rich ones escape the Lash, by having a Tax laid on 'em, towards Maintenance of the Informers, in which (like *Dent*, the informing Constable, who was deservedly kill'd in *Covent-Garden*) they share with the Keepers of *Bridewell* and *New-Prison*, who know them in their Turns, and 20 or 30 Shillings gives them License for whoring till next Pay-Day; so the Effect of their Punishment only raises the Price of the Sin, and the Vices of the Nation maintain the Informers, as abovesaid. Besides, the old Bawds, whether rich or poor, have their own Luck, for whenever she has a Maidenhead to dispose of, making a Penny of the First-Fruits to some Country Squire, they then at the second-hand let

let the next Justice of Peace, that visits them, have the Residue on free Cost; whose Fumblingship takes her for a pure Virgin; thus by this sort of Bribery they win all the Magistrates in *Middlesex*, make *Hicks's-Hall* their Sanctuary, and gain an awful Ascendency over the whole Bench of Justice.

But a thorough Reformation of Manners in this much divided Nation is to be wish'd rather than hop'd for, unless there was an Unity among Brethren; therefore if Men would advance no Novelties, nor raise any Disputes out of Affectation, Vain-glory, Interest, or other base Principles, if they would not maintain them with Obstinacy, and a Resolution not to be convinc'd, if none would nicely sift and examine Things, establish'd by publick Authority, only to find Fault, and Matter for Objection; if all would sincerely endeavour to conform their Sentiments to those of their Superiors, as far as they can, without offending God, or wounding their own Consciences, why then this would be as great an Union as can be expected, till that blessed Scene shall open, of a *New Heaven*, and a *new Earth*, which we look for, according to the Promise of our Lord, wherein will dwell Light and Knowledge, as well as Righteousness.



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TUESDAY.

WALKING out of my Cell on the third Day of the Week, as the *Quakers* call it, I popt into an Ale-house in *King-Street* in *Westminster*, bearing an unmannerly Sign, for which (as 'tis said) the present most loyal Bishop of *Roche-ster*, was going to indict him. Here came in whilst I was refreshing my self with a Pint of Beer, *Timothy Guzzle*, a Waterman, so swell'd with the Dropsie by hard drinking, that Sir *John Falstaff* was a meer Skeleton to him: Next came in *Rebecca Twist*, Whore, Thief, and Mantua-maker, to quench her Thirst, after a long Debauch of drinking Anniseed, Brandy, and other strong Waters, and smoaking Mundungus, (like two female Hair-Hawkers in *Vere-Street*) from Morning till Night; which had so decay'd her natural Heat, that a Calenture would no more have warm'd her, than a Farthing Candle would have roa-
D
sted

sted a Sir-loyn of Beef. After this sad Piece of Mortality, who look'd as frightful as a Death's Head on a Mop-stick, stept in *Tom Hazard*, a Porter, who was so be-devil'd with the Spirit of Lying, that he out-did two hard-mouth'd Evidences sitting by him in their own Profession ; and could not open his Mouth without romancing. He was succeeded by *Joan Cheatly*, Bawd, Matchmaker, and Midwife, whose inordinate drinking of Cherry Brandy, and Rum, had got her a Nose so termagantly rubicund, that she out-blaz'd a flaming Comet. After her fell in *Jack Ranter*, who in the short time of drinking but a *Winchester* Quart of Stout, outswore an Adjutant, two Dragoons, three Grenadiers, four Lite-Guard-men, five Bullies, and half a dozen Gamesters, insomuch that I thought it rain'd here nothing else but Oaths ; besides out-talking the above-named *Joan Cheatly* the Midwife, in natural Philosophy. In the Interim came *Mol Prate-apace*, a common Harlot, for a Glass of Usquebaugh ; her impudent Air shew'd her Trade, but because she sups now and then with a Lord at the *Rose Tavern*, keeps a Maid she never gives Wages to, and lies in Lodgings she never pays for, she thinks herself a happy Creature.

But at length the Rere of this infernal Tribe was brought up by *Ralph Hiccup*, a drunken Cobler, who reeling into the Kitchen, call'd to Mr. *Nick and Froth*, to fetch him a Pint of Ale upon Trust, but he swearing, that besides, Book-Debts never paid, but cross'd out and forgiven,

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given, he had as much Chalk scor'd up in his Bar, as would whiten the Flesh of twenty *Rumford* Calves, would not draw him a drop of Drink without ready Money. Mr. *Translator* at this Denial, curst and swore like an Emperor, call'd Mr. *Taplash* a thousand Rogues, and told him, he scor'd with *Marlborough* Chalk; but all to no purpose, for tho' the monyless Cocker was so well to pass, as to have painted on a Board at his Stall, *No Trust by Retail*, the Vi-
sualler would not trust him a Farthing; so not liking his Customer, turn'd him out of the House by Head and Shoulders.

Seeing the preposterous Humours of the several Drunkards here, I could not but contemplate on the many Distempers which arise out of intemperate drinking; for, hence come running Eyes, aking Heads, weak Nerves, trembling Hands, malignant *Fevers*, ulcerous gouty Feet, a stinking Breath, and a thousand more, which I could here enumerate; so that I may with a great deal of Justice say, Drunkenness is close follow'd by its Companion, Pain. Moreover, a Drunkard's voracious Eyes devour the Matron's Beauty, then are the Secrets of the Soul betray'd, some make their last Wills and Testaments, speak Things that are the Occasion of Death, and by excess of Liquors, never see the rising Sun, so that they live a shorter time than otherwise they might. In fine, I believe more People have perished by excessive drinking, than the *Spaniards* destroy'd in their Conquest of the *West Indies*, for in the Space of Fifty Years they had murder'd in *America*,

Fifteen Millions of the Natives, among whom they hang'd one Day, Thirteen innocent *Indian* Women, on a Gallows, in Honour of *Christ*, and his Twelve Apostles. By this, you may see that the superstitious Zeal, and most barbarous Cruelty, which runs from one Generation to another, in the *Spanish* Nation, for obtaining Happiness in a future State, exceedingly surpass those People who are call'd *Christians*.



WEDNESDAY. 21



WEDNESDAY.

THIS Day going abroad again, I saw in *Fleet-street*, a rich old Miser, who keeps a Linnen-Draper's Shop very near *Cornhill*, pick up a young Harlot, but promising her only a Bottle of Wine, and a Neat's Tongue, for her last Favour, no Money, which is a Whore's Religion, they could not strike up a Bargain: Thus we may see that Covetousness is like Jealousy, where it has once taken root, never leaves a Man but with his Life; which, when running its last Sands, he thinks to compound with Heaven, for Forty Years Knavery, by building a lousy Hospital.

In *Cheapside*, I met several I knew; at the Corner of *Woodstreet*, stood a Poet, with his Pockets as empty as his Brains, but yet so Honest, as never to give his *Bond* to a certain Baker that kept him from starving. At the End of *Gutter-Lane*, I saw old *Gripewell* the U-
surer

surer, who no more minds making up his Accounts with God Almighty, than a Tally-man. Near *King-street* was walking that eminent Surgeon, Mr. *Syringe*, who is so expert in his Profession, that I once saw him cut off a Sea-man's wooden Leg, without putting him to the least Pain, or so much as drawing the least drop of Blood; and he will always be as sure of living next Door to a Bawdy-House, as a Teacher of Short-hand to a Meeting-house, in Expectation of Business. By the End of *Queen-street*, was Mr. *Pinchall* the Baker, who knows that his Weights are too light, as well as a Pawn-Broker knows the Day of the Month; and loves to grind the Face of the Poor, as a Country Attorney does Mischief.

But to support Vanity and Luxury, all Tradesmen will cheat in spite of *Jack Catch* and *Old Nick*, tho' the former very often hangs a Rogue, to send his Soul as a Harbinger to the Devil, to provide room for his Body. The *Apothecary* will get Eleven Pence in a Shilling; the *Butcher* will blow up his Veal with his stinking Breath, through a foul Tobacco-Pipe; the *Clothier* will vend shrinking Cloth; the *Druggist* will make Money of the very Sweepings of his Shop; the *Embroiderer* will bite the Customer that finds his own Gold or Silver Thread; the *Fruiterer* will get half in half by every Thing he sells; the *Goldsmith* will trick you by Troy-weight; the *Haberdasher* will sell a Hat made of *Vigona* Wool instead of Beaver; the *Jeweller* will sometimes put off *Bristol* Stones for Diamonds;

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monds; the *Knife-grinder* will make you Knives worser than before; the *Limner* will flatter an ugly Face; the *Mercer* will cheat you an Inch or two of Silk in every Yard he sells; the *Newsman* will bite his Mercury by not paying him, or else in letting out the News to read; the *Oyl-man* will sell pickled Sprats for Anchovies; the *Physician*, for a good Bribe, will send the Father out of the World before his Time, to bring his Son to the Estate; the *Rat-catcher* for every one he kills, will let out of his Bag two live ones; the *Shoemaker* will stretch his Leather as large as his Conscience; the thieving *Taylor* will have Cabbage, altho' he writes his Bills by the Ell; the *Undertaker*, alias (Death-hunter) will cheat both the Quick and the Dead; and the *Woolen-Dra-per* will cheat the Taylor, which is Bite for Bite, as the Mob said by the Fellow that was lately pillor'd, for cheating the *South-Sea Company*.

This concatenation of Knavery made me contemplate on the different Routs the Righteous and the Wicked take to part asunder. The good Man, *he that feareth the Lord*, whose Heart is thoroughly pierced with deep Impressions of his Divine Authority, Power, and Goodness, will hearken to the Voice of his Servants, and will make the Laws of God the constant and the only Measure of his Actions.

But

But the Way of the Wicked is of another Fashion ; they seek Comfort and Relief from themselves alone, and from the crafty Wiliness that they have imagin'd, without having any Recourse to God in all their Conduct, they inevitably run the Race of Eternal Destruction.

But why do I talk in a godly Way to *Englishmen*? Did I say *Englishmen*? Infidels rather; for in a Nation, where they pretend to imbrace the purest Religion upon Earth, they only imbrace those Follies and Vices which will bring them headlong to the D——l.





THURSDAY.

BEING farther resolv'd to see the Vanity and wicked way of the World, this Day leaving my Cellagion, and passing by *Charing-Cross*, I could not forbear looking on the Effigies of King *Charles* the First, and by what I have Read in History, I could not detain my self from contemplating on the Meekness, with which the Royal Martyr bore the most Insolent and Barbarous Indignities; and admire the God-like Charity which incited him to pray for his Villanous Murtherers, the *Dissenters*, who being harden'd in their unparall'd Impiety, to the eternal Disgrace of their Name and Country, it must needs draw out the whole Artillery of God's Vengeance on their Republican Posterity for ever.

These Melancholly Reflections forc'd me to make the best of my way to *Stocks-Market*, where making Water by a Fruiterer's Stall, the Woman that kept it look'd thro' her Fingers all the while, to take Dimensions of the Pipe that emitted it. I thought her very Imprudent, but as she was a Woman, I consider'd Impudence was as inherent to her Sex, as to a *Welsh Drove*, a *Scotch Pedlar*, or an *Irish Fortune-Hunter*. Passing by the *Royal-Exchange*, where Swarms of *Cuckolds* were asking, what News from *Scanderoon* and *Aleppo*? What Price bears Currants at

E Zant?

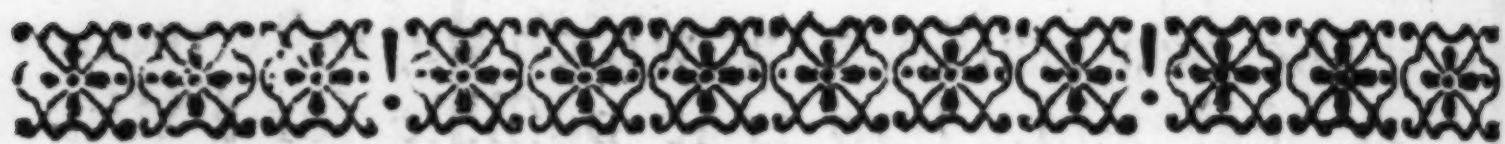
Zant? Apes at Tunis? Religion a Rome? Cutting a Throat at Naples? Whores at Venice? And the Cure of a Clap at Paduc? I came into *Grace-Church-Street*, and just by the *Monument* a Sergeant Arrested a poor Beau, who had play'd away his Estate at a Chocolate-House, as he was going to sell himself to *Barbadoes*, to keep himself out of *Newgate*, and from Scandalizing his Relations at *Tyburn*. Some People said the Half-hang'd Catchpole smelt sweet of *Mace*; but I thought he stunk worse than *Assa Fœtida*; so I left him hurrying away his Prisoner to a Spunging-House, where he would be sure to sell his Minutes dearer than a Watchmaker.

Passing over *London-Bridge* into *Southwark*, I went to Visit a *Presbyterian* Parson, an Intimate Acquaintance of mine, he happen'd not to be at home, but his Wife inviting me into the Fore-Parlour, whilst she went up Stairs to Dress her self, and hearing a couple of Men talking in the Back-Parlour, Curiosity incited me to Peep thro' the Key-hole, where I espy'd a certain Barrister of the *Inner-Temple* saying to his Friend, the best Jest of all is, the Woman's Husband here, according to the common Fate of most Cuckolds, is the kindest, civilest, Fellow in the World to me, and imagines the only Motive of my coming to see him, is to be settled in some Point of Religion. To Countenance the Believers in him, I seem to be wonderfully surpriz'd at his Discourse, nay sometimes allow him (altho' he's a Block-head) the better of the Argument; and indeed 'tis merry enough to consider how Harmoniously the Business of Sin, and Religion goes forward in his House; for

for while old pretended Orthodox thinks to make a Convert of me, I'm endeavouring, by way of Retaliation, to make a Whore of his Wife. It is only tempting a Woman to Sin, that was above half-damn'd to my Hands. When her Presbyterianism came down Stairs, I told her the Discourse which had pass'd betwixt the two Stallions, at which she only made a Pish, and said, how is it possible for a Woman to keep her Cabinet unpickt, when every Rascal has got a Key to't? Aye, but Madam (said I) the Rascal's Key signifies not a Farthing, unless the Owner of the Cabinet, at least, goes halves with him. Well (quoth she again) it is only a Trick of Youth; my Husband's old, and I must make the best Use of my Teeming Time, before my young Years are Kidnapt by old Age, which is a profess'd Enemy to Cherry-Cheeks, Demolisher of jolly Constitutions, Leveller of Faces, and Destroyer of Mirth.

This perfidious Falshood in the Females Sex, brought me to Contemplate how a Woman is the Whirly-gig of Nature; how she changes so often and swiftly, that she seldom knows her own Mind; it's soon alter'd from what it was. Woman! She's a vain, idle, fallacious, various, cruel, deceitful, thoughtless, giddy, ignorant Animal; and can afford no solid Joy to a Man of common Sense. The Inconstancy of her Sex is such that their Mind varies every Moment, runs round the Compass sooner than the Sun round the Earth; you might as easily fix the Longitude, as a Woman's Mind, for she's constant to nothing long, nor pleas'd with any thing

above half an Hour. Thus as *Thalestris*, Queen of the *Amazons*, beat the Hoof some hundred Leagues, to get *Alexander* the Great to Administer his Royal Nipple to her; so will any *English* Woman go as far again to lap the like Milk.



F R I D A Y.

TAKING Water at *Westminster-Bridge*, this Day, and Landing at the *Savoy* Stairs, but in my Passage thither such Volleys of foul Language were discharg'd from Watermen to Passengers, and from Passengers to Watermen again, that the Fish-Women of *Billingsgate* were civiliz'd Creatures to them, for by *Whitehall-Stairs* a pair of Oars overtaking a Sculler in which was a Presbyterian Parson, they bawl'd out to him, Oh! You Poor canting King-beheading Son of a Whore, can't your Republican Congregation subsist you better than letting their Guide but a Three-Penny Fare to Hell? To which he reply'd, I shall not Rebuke you, but only wish the Lord may Love you, and the Lord may fouse you, and Pickle you in the Powdering Tub of Repentance, that ye may come forth Tripes worthy of a *Christian* Table. Against *Hungerford-Stairs*, a Waterman was saying to a Barrister that was hurrying to *Westminster-Hall*, Why you double corrupted Rascal, I suppose whilst you are going to Cheat your

your Clients in *Chancery*, or the Court of King's Bench, that brawny Back Footman in the Stern, there will in the mean time go home, and open the Case betwixt your Wife's Legs; for one may read Cuckold in your Face already; here-upon the Skipkennel in his Master's Defence said, Oh! You Drop-Gallows Son of a Whore, you was once Try'd at *Kingston-Assises*, for cutting off your Wife's *Tu quoque* to let out to boys, to play in at Chuck-Farthing in the starving time of the last hard Frost. Not far from the *Savoy-Stairs* a Waterman was abusing an old Bawd, and two young Jilts, saying to the former of them, I suppose you, you old Dealer in human Flesh, are going to the *Tilt-Yard Coffee-House*, to put off those young Whores upon a couple of Half-pay Officers for pure Maidenheads; so I left 'em paying off Mr. *Element-Splitter* in his own Language; and against *Sommer-set-Stairs* a couple of Watermen overtaking a Western Barge, well fill'd with fresh colour'd Country Lasses, said, ye great lubberly heavy heel'd Dogs, where are ye carrying those young pretty Girls? We suppose you are going to put 'em into Services in the Bawdy-Houses of the Hundreds of *Drury*, in hopes of living upon the Reversion of their Income. No, said the Bargemen, we have made Whores of 'em already, and are now bringing them to *London*, to make Wives for you Watermen. I took a Walk to *Moor-Fields*, where, seeing a Paper hanging over a Door with this Inscription on it, here liveth a Student in *Astrology* and *Phyick*, with whom having some Acquaintance, I went in to see what Trade he drove, and after
the

the usual how-d'ye's were over we dialogued it as follows.

Enquirer. Pray, Doctor, what Book is that you were reading when I came in?

Doctor. Why I'll tell you, the best Book, in my mind, that ever was wrote for not only resolving all Questions in Astrology, and calculating Nativities, but also Palmistry and Physiognomy, so that you may see of what Nature a Man is, as well as if you were in his Guts.

Enq. That's a brave Book indeed! Who was the Author?

Doct. One *John Indagine*, a cunning Fellow I'll warrant you.

Enq. *John Indagine*! I have read it, and look upon it to be a foolish, idle Thing.

Doct. That's because you did not understand it; nor can any Man understand it, unless he was born an Astrologer.

Enq. Well, but what think you of *Ptolomy*, *Hermes*, *Argol*, *Regiomontanus*, *Leovitius*, *Firmicus*, *Junctin*, *Origanus*, *Guido Bonatus*, or other such as these?

Doct. Hang 'em a Parcel of Outlandish Dogs, they were all for the Theory, there was none of 'em had any Practice; besides considering how I should get them in *English*, I e'en bought *Lilly's Instruction*.

Enq. Instruction! Introduction you mean.

Doct. Well Instruction, or Introduction, what's the Difference? 'Tis all one to me.

Here his Servant coming up, interrupted us, and told him there was a Gentlewoman below desir'd to speak with him. Bid her walk up, says he to the Boy: and as for you, Sir, I desire
you

you will be pleased to walk in the next Room till her Question be over; so thither went I, where by a little Window in the Partition, I could see the Woman entring into the Doctor, and hear plainly their whole Discourse which take as follows.

Woman. Sir, I am come to you about a small matter; my Husband, poor Man! Is very Sick, and I am afraid will hardly Live; and it hath always been my Prayers, that I might Die before him. Now, Sir, I am sure you can tell which of us will Die first.

Doct. That's your Question, whether you, or your Husband will Die first? Pray sit down, I'll step into my Study and erect the Figure, and give you answer immediately.

Wom. Thank you, good Sir.—Here the Doctor withdrew into his Study, and after a little time Returns with his Scheme in his Hand.

Doct. You say, Mistress, your Husband is Sick; of what Distemper is he Sick, I pray?

Wom. Truly, Sir, I believe it is a kind of a Consumption, and a Weakness in Nature, with a Pain in his Back; for I do protest to you, as I am an honest Woman, I have had no good from him as a Husband these two Months. And more, Sir, I am afraid he is a little troubled in mind, because he often tells me of a Journeyman of ours, that Lodgeth in our House, for my Husband is a Shoe-maker.

Doct. Stay, let me see, here's *Scorpio* ascends, *Taurus* on the seventh, *Venus* in the sixth House: Yes, your Husband is Sick of a Consumption, and I believe he will Die of it.

Wom.

Wom. Oh! Dear Doctor pray don't say so for the World.

Doct. Good Woman, I must say what the Stars tell me; but you will be Married again before he has been a Week in his Grave.

Wom. Shall I indeed, Sir?

Doct. Yes.

Wom. To whom, pray Sir?

Doct. To your Journeyman.

Wom. I always thought it would be a Match, whenever my Husband was Dead, for he has a sneaking Kindness for me; thank you, Sir; good by.

Away goes the Woman, who was as much afraid of losing her Husband, as a Cow is of a Hay-Stack; then in came I again, and looking upon the Figure, said, I wonder how you could have the Impudence to tell her, her Husband should Die first, when according to the Rules of Astrology, here are all the signs imaginable that she will Die first.

Doct. You are but a Novice in our Art, I perceive, to go by Rules of Astrology; I did so at first when I practised, and then I could never get my Bread by it. Why, look you, suppose she Dies first, she'll never tell I am a false Peopphet after she's Dead surely: But if I had told her she should Die first, and if it should not have happen'd so, her Husband being a Sickly Man, then she would have done me a World of Mischief among the Neighbours, as now she may do me a great deal of good.

Enq. You speak cunningly, but not honestly.

Just

Just at these Words, we heard a Man coming up in haste, so I whipt to my old Place again, and thus I heard him bespeak the Doctor.

Man. Sir, I understand you are an able Man to find stol'n Goods, and I am exceedingly troubled about a Silver-Tankard that was stol'n out of our House Yesterday: Pray, Sir, tell me who stole it, and where the Thief is, that I may go with a Constable to nap him.

Doct. What, does your Master keep an Ale-House, Friend?

Man. A Victualling-House, ant please you.

Doct. And who do you suspect?

Man. We cannot tell, for we ne'er miss'd it till Night.

Doct. Stay here a while, Friend, I'll go to my Study, and do the best I can for you. Now, Friend, I have done my Endeavour for you: And I tell you, it will be a great deal of Trouble to get this Tankard again; *Saturn* being retrograde in the second, afflicting the Lord of the second with a partile Square.

Man. Alas! Sir, I am undone then, my Master says I shall pay for it, if it be not got again.

Doct. Hark you, Friend, give me the Shilling for this Question.

Man. Here it is, good Doctor.

Doct. Now I tell you, I will so afflict this Thief, that he shall never rest till you have your Tankard again, some way or other. But this will be a great Charge to me, so that I cannot afford to do it under Ten Shillings in Hand, and Ten Shillings more when you have the Tankard.

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Man.

Man. I have not so much Money, I'll give you Five Shillings now in Hand, here take it; and Ten Shillings more when the Tankard is found.

Doct. 'Tis indeed too little, but because you are a Servant, I give you a Crown.

Man. I thank you, Sir; pray do it as soon as you can.

The Fellow being gone, I appear'd again; saying, Doctor, what have you done! Can any Mortal Man, or the Devil himself, perform what you have promis'd this Man?

Doct. I don't know, nor don't care; I shall never trouble my Head any more about it.

Enq. This is plain Knavery: And I wonder Justice can be so blind, as not to find you out, and bring you to Condign Punishment.

Doct. Who? Man I have been plagu'd two or three times, and bound over to the Sessions; but I'll never answer a Thievish Question again before Witness. Hark, I hear another coming up.

Here I went to my Apartment again, and whilst I was contemplating as much on the cheating Villanies of Astrologers, as the Foolishness of those silly Wretches, who will be chouc'd by such illiterate Knaves, I saw a young Woman, indifferently well cloath'd, and after a low Courtesie, thus she accosts Mr. As-trologer.

Maid. Pray, Sir, are you the Gentleman that resolves Questions?

Doct. Yes, Madam; at your Service.

Mad. Then, Sir, I suppose you can tell what I'm come about?

Doct.

Doct. Yes, yes, very well, but that's nothing to the Matter, you must propound it yourself; for if there be no Quarent, then there is no Question.

Maid. Well, if I must, but I'm asham'd.

Doct. Asham'd, for what? Such Men as we never divulge a Secret. I know your Business is about Love.

Maid. Indeed, I must confess it is so: But will the Party Marry me, or no?

Doct. How long is't since you saw him last?

Maid. About a Month ago, and he us'd to come every Night, and pretend so much Love, that I thought he had been in earnest; but now I am afraid he is quite gone.

Doct. I'll step into my Study, and use the best of my Skill. [Upon his Return, he thus goes on with her] Fair Maid, I see he's off from you indeed.

Maid. Don't you see then by your Figure, Sir, none other coming nigh at hand?

Doct. If they are not, I'll fetch them with a Vengeance; that is to say, if you please.

Maid. But can you indeed, Doctor, do as you Promise?

Doct. Can I! nay, if you are come upon your Questions and Commands, I've done with you.

Maid. Good Sir, be not angry; what will you please to have for doing this for me?

Doct. Fair Maid, come again to Morrow, and give me a Guinea in Hand, and Bond for the Payment of Ten Pounds more upon your Day of Marriage, and then if there be but one single Man in the Land, in a short time he shall be your Husband.

Maid. You make me laugh, Sir: Well, I shall long for to Morrow, and then you may be sure I'll come again. Here's for your Pains at present, Sir; and I thank you heartily. Pray, Sir, remember to be at home to Morrow.

Doct. I shall be sure, Madam, Farewel. These are my best Customers: A Pox on the Thievish Questions, there's nothing but Trouble and Vexation follows them. These silly Souls now, if they are chouc'd ne'er so much, dare not tell on't.

Eng. What did she give you, Doctor?

Doct. But half a Crown now: But I dare say, she'll hardly sleep till she's here again with her Guinea; and then for the Bond, and then for the Husband.

Eng. Thou art one of the greatest Cheats in Nature: What Secret have you to get this Wench a Husband?

Doct. This, I assure you is my Secret of Secrets, and therefore if I tell it you, you must be sure never to reveal it. When this Wench comes again to Morrow, I'll know of her where she lives, what her Parents are, and what her Portion is, then take her Guinea, and Bond, and discharge her, ordering her to call upon me once or twice a Week, to tell me how Matters go forward: And if in a Twelve Months Time she happens to be marry'd, I'll surely make her believe I got her her Husband by my Art; and she'll no doubt get me the Money by hook or by crook, for fear it should come to her Husband's Ear. But I must employ my Wits about it too; as thus, to Night, or to Morrow, or once a Week at least, comes one Superstitious Fool

S A T U R D A T. 37

Fool or other to me, to know which is the best Way for him to go seek a Wife, and what kind of Woman. Then I answer like an Oracle, you must go upon such a Point of the Compass, till you come to such a Street, and there, nigh such a Sign lives a Gentlewoman, that if it be not your Fault, the Stars say, shall be your Wife. Then if he likes her, I'll prove Broker on both sides, and get Money of him too: But if he likes her not, yet ten to one but that he marries her, because he thinks 'tis his Fortune, and that it cannot be avoided.

Enq. For shame, Doctor, leave off these abominable Tricks, and betake yourself to some honest Employment.

Doct. Yes, and Starve in it, shall I?

Enq. I will stay no longer with you, for fear the Devil should come for you, and finding me in your Company, do me a Mischief too. So Farewel, and live better.



S A T U R D A T.

THIS being the last Day of the Week, I took a Tour towards *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, where on a certain Door, seeing Bills stuck up as thick as on the Piazza's of *Gresham's* Fabrick in *Cornhill*, I thought the House was to be let; but reading them, I found it was to desire the Bodies of the Living to pray for the Souls of the Dead, which in my Opinion was a foolish Request; for

for if they were in Heaven they were safe enough; and if they were in Hell, all the Prayers in the World could not fetch them out again. But if they were in Purgatory, a Piece of Money would work their Conversion by the Vertue of half a dozen Masses, and make their Souls as clean and purified as if they were spick and span new.

Going then into the Chapel, *O Monstrum horrendum!* what did I then behold? Here was an old Washer-Woman, who being much used to the liquid Element, sprinkled herself with Holy Water; there was a *Scotch* School-master calling upon each of the Saints, tho' he has no Acquaintance with them, with an *Ora pro nobis* in his deceitful Mouth; here was a young Harlot confessing her Sins to a greater Sinner than herself; there was an old Bawd counting how many Maidenheads she'd sold, by the Tale of her Beads; here was a Taylor's Wife in *Marlet-Court* making *English* Responses to a Language she did not understand; there was a young Woman praying to the Virgin *Mary* for she knew not what; here was an Oyster-Woman quieting her froward Bantling, by shewing it the Wax-Candles; there was an old Whoremonger paying as much Adoration to a Crucifix, as he formerly did to *Sally Salisbury*; here was a young Fornicator earnestly praying for a Bit of Nun's Flesh; and there was a Pick-pocket angling in the *Papists* Pockets, with great Devotion; nevertheless, he was curst by Bell, Book and Candle. But above all, that which amaz'd me most, was a bloody-minded Dog of a Priest, who having by *Hocus pocus*, or the Art

Art of *Legerdemain*, or *Transubstantiation*, turn'd the Elements of Bread and Wine into the real Flesh and Blood of our Blessed Lord; he was so cruel as to devour his Saviour with more Voraciousness than the *Cannibals* do human Food.

This Mock-Religion, composed of a Mixture, half *Christian*, half *Pagan*, brought several Reflections into my Mind; as how the Pope, who is liable to the same Failings as other Men, can be infallible; how the *Papists* can be so Impudent as to say Traditions are to be preferr'd before the Scriptures; how they can think their own Merits only, are sufficient to save them; how they can make Seven Sacraments, when *Christ* instituted but two; how they can believe the fabulous Legends of their Saints, when most they have canoniz'd they are beholden for to *Tyburn*; and how they can prohibit their Priests from having Wives, whereby their Spiritual Guides being Flesh and Blood, as well as other Men, become as great Whoremasters, as the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court.

Going out of this Chapel, in which were acted nothing but pious Frauds, I rambled into *George-Yard* in *Westminster*, and being thirsty went into an Ale-house to quench my Drought with a full Pot of good *Protestant* Beer. The Hostess; if I may so call her in the Feminine Gender, because by her Masculine Voice, and Female Dress she seem'd to be of the epicene, which says, *Hic vel hac passer*, a Sparrow, and *Hec aquila*, an Eagle, both he and she, I took her for an *Hermaphrodite*; besides she had such a Physiognomy, that she had more Reason to
hide

hide her Face than her B——ch; for the Face of this Female Tun of Fat, which wanted paving with Cherry-Stones, was broader than the full Moon, and as shining, but it was with Sweat, not Light: And about a Week after I was there, I heard she had taken her eternal Leave of this World, which her Husband bore with as much Resignation as a young Girl the Force of a Man she loves, or a Clergyman a good Benefice, or a Courtier a fresh Grant; moreover she being reckon'd by the disconsolate Widower, a second *Lucretia* for Chastity, tho' her Face was Protection enough against any Customer's pulling her Laurels of Modesty, that to imitate Quality, he would receive no Complements of Condolance from any Person but one, and he was of the Blue Flag too, namely Mr. B—f—w living in *Queenstreet* at *Westminster*, who was at *Bridewell* in *Tutthill-Fields*, three Months; but then his Retirement was only poor Man, for permitting a Man and Woman in his House, to take a Tryal of Skill between a Pair of clean Sheets; and who, but a Parcel of old, Superannuated Curmudgeons could blame him for it; since all the World knows, that Nature, which never does any thing in vain, has interwov'd the Appetite of Copulation in our very Constitutions, and inspir'd the whole Creation with an eternal Desire to continue its own Species. Why so say I too; but then Carnal Copulation ought to be perform'd in *Hymen's* Spiritual Court; I mean by the lawful Way of Matrimony, and then let the little God *Cupid* lay about him like a Devil, as often as he pleases, to wake his Adorers to perform the Mattins of Love;

love; which will prevent the Man's Heart from Burning to Tinder; but as to his Spouse can't tell what to say, because it would puzzle a *Logician*, to separate the Desire, and the Action in a Woman, who's neither Fish, Flesh, nor good Red-Herring.

Being Dog-weary of staying any longer in this House, where I sat as dumb as a *Turkish Mute*, I went to Sup with a Friend of mine, who is an *Anabaptist*, that drefs the Skins of flink Calves to line Clogs with, and his Wife of the same foolish Opinion. He was abroad when I came, and Absence gave Opportunity to a Neighbour of hers in *Pear-Tree-Court* to pay her a Visit; who pretending some urgent Business, they went up together one Pair of Stairs, which being not above eight Foot Cieling, and all between us and the Kitchen, I attentively listen'd to their Discourse, which tended to his begging the last Favour of her. She, poor barren Creature! Pelted him most unmercifully with Texts of Scripture against the Sin of Adultery; but she soon turning her own Artillery upon herself, and convincing her that all the Orthodox Commentators were on his side, she soon stagger'd in her Chastity, and plainly shew'd, that a Drunken General is but a bad Commander in the Day of Battle.

I thought to myself, that as I could not make Sport, I would not spoil Sport, but nevertheless it was my Resolution to acquaint her Husband with his Chuckee's making his Head look like the horn'd Head of *Parnassus*; however he not coming home whilst I was there, I retired to my Cell, and contemplated that Fornication and

Adultery ran naturally in the Blood of this Adulteress's Family, for one of her Sisters, whose Husband makes those Iron things which People, superstitiously affected, nail on the Thresholds of their Doors to keep out Witches, will Pawn her Cloaths for a niggling Bout, and if the stolen Waters (which, 'tis said, are generally sweet) are unknown to her Lord and Master, she'll grin like a Sun-burnt Ploughman, at a Mountebank Oration. There's another Sister that's so over and above loving to her Husband, who's a broken Hair Merchant, that once breaking a Commandment with a Sailor, they piously contriv'd to kidnap the Cuckold to the *East-Indies*; but he has made Reprizals since with his dear Bird of a Groat, by running away with a young Woman, who out of *Grays-Inn-Lane* fled as swift as a *Magpye*. And then there's another Sister whose Mountain Back overlooks her Head and seems to anticipate the Curfed at the last Day, for *the Mountains to fall on her, and cover her*; besides, she's so ugly, that she was once afraid she should not obey God's first Commandment, *Increase and multiply*, because she was above twenty, and nobody had put the Question to her: Therefore to become a good *Christian* she encourag'd the Amours of a Jew and gave his Leavings to a poor Glazier in *St. Clement's Parish*. And farther you must know all their Intrigues are carried on by the Wife of a *Shoemaker*, who serv'd his Time in *Catherine-street* in the *Strand*, for the small Pension now and then of a torn Pinner, or Coif, broken-hoop Petticoat, or ragged Smock, a Pipe of Tobacco, and a Sip of Tea, over which the

take a Draught or two of Scandal, to digest it, and make it fit easie on their Stomachs. But tho' this poor good-natur'd Woman takes all the Pains imaginable to be damn'd, yet such a churlish Dog is her Husband, who once sold himself for the *East-Indies*, and then cry'd to come off again, till the Overseers fetch'd him home, for fear his Cildren should become a Charge to the Parish, that he will be continually cursing his Wife to the Pit of Hell; which I thought was damnably unreasonable in the Husband to curse that Wife to the Devil, who, besides her bawding, often uses all her utmost Endeavours to send him to Heaven. All this Wickedness I thought nevertheless might be pardonable, with true Repentance; but I could not be perswaded, but that Persons who died in the Belief of the Errors of the Church of *Rome*, did not stand that Chance, let old *Infallibility* be ever so much on their Side.

Afterwards going to pay a Visit to a Nobleman, who by his original Extraction might bear in his Coat of Arms a *Baton* or *Batton*, which is a *French* Word signifying a Staff or Cudgel, and is generally used as a Mark of Bastardy, his Lordship was not at home. I had danc'd Attendance after him, as often as a Gentleman after a Courtier for a good Place, which he's never to enjoy, so that I had lost more Time in procuring his Honour's Ear to a small Boon, than People do to see the *Tyger* in *Channel-Row*, with which Outlandish Gentleman the Woman of the House is so well acquainted thro' their Savage Nature on both sides, that they walk together Hand in Glove.

But going along the *Strand* I saw a Prodigy, almost against the *Fountain-Tavern*, which was a *Herring* larger than a *Mackrel*. Spinning *Glass* faster than a *Country Dame* can *Flax*, and finer than a *Hair*; he also blow'd this brittle *Metal* into diverse *Sorts* of curious *Figures*, which being beautifully intermix'd with divers *Colours*, appear'd as natural as *Indian Paintings*. And he made *Glass Granadoes*, which being put into the *Snuff* of a *Candle*, gave a *Report* like a *Gun*: Nay, the *Report* of one of 'em made a *Country Fellow* there *Swoon*, and in his own *Defence* so warmly fir'd backwards, that an *Enemy* might have found him out by his *Scent*.

Among the rest of the *Gazers* here, was a *Mercer's Wife* in *Round-Court*, whose *Generosity* in the *Affairs* of *Venus* makes her think herself a sufficient *Gainer*, by exchanging *Love* for *Love*, for she won't take *Money*. I perceiv'd she had a *Month's Mind* for me, which made me have the *Vanity* to think she could have wept three *Hours* by the *Clock* for my *Affection*, but my *Inclination* being not to be misled by that *Ignis fatuus* call'd *Gallantry*, I made no *Address* to her for the last *Favours*, so any *Rival* might take her for me, who had now left off the *Foolishness* of expatiating on *Beauty* and *Wit*, *Topicks* which *Women* would rather hear than a good *Sermon*: Besides, as she was not one of those *Whores* who is neither *Maid*, *Wife*, nor *Widow*, but married, I thought it more criminal (for I'm one of a very nice squeamish *Conscience*) to crack a *Command* with her than with t'other; and never shall be persuaded but that it is as great a *Sin* as for
a young

a young Fellow to marry an old Woman for the sake of her unrighteous *Mammon*. However, the Woman being not despiseable, she was soon pickt up by a Nobleman who I knew was a great Courtier, but if you would know what Religion he is of, you must enquire that of his Prince, for he's the fittest Person to resolve the Question provided he can give an Account of his own.

This Gallant led her into his own Coach, which without doubt he took for as great an Honour as a Physician to kill his Patient, when he's promis'd by the Relations to be well paid for the Jobb. But before I went hence, Curiosity intic'd me to see another Performance of this *Herring*, who lives more in strong Drink than Water, which was making artificial Eyes of Glass, with such exquisite Art, that a blind Man might read a finer Print than *Elziver's*, *Aldus*, *Stephens*, *Vascosen*, *Field*, or other famous Printers, as well with one of them as two: But provided a Man has two of 'em, he need not, tho' he was the Age of *Methuselah*, be at the Charge of Spectacles.

Now leaving the *Herring* to entertain his Company with what was really diverting and ingenious, who should I meet by the End of *Burleigh-Street*, but Dirty Face *Dick*, in whose Countenance might be seen a constant *Memento* of Infamy and Disgrace for turning Cock-Bawd in his old years. I could once have told the whole Character of this dingy Hypocrite, but my treacherous Memory has forgot it; however, this I remember still, that for Interest he

was

was once going to turn *Jew*, and had certainly receiv'd Circumcision, had it not been for his dear, loving, tender Wife, who was intirely against that *Jewish* Ceremony, for fear of lessening his Members. This sad Piece of Mortality, who looks as antient as King *Edward* the Confessor's Tomb, was talking to a saucy, proud, finical, illiterate, half-witted Coxcomb of a self-conceited *Distiller*, living not a Mile from the abovesaid wonderful *Herring*, that can live longer upon dry Land, than in the bottom of the Sea. I know not what their Discourse, which I am sure could not be edifying upon any Account, was about, but I plainly perceiv'd the young, pragmatical Fool's Face, in which is more Impudence than in the Face of any common Jilt, was much out of Repair, for want of new paving with Cherry-Stones; and in his Hand he had a Book which I suppose was some amorous Novel, Play, or Romance, to instruct his Ignorance in the Art and Mystery of genteel Whoring. He has a whimsical sort of an Alcove painted over his Shop-Windows, but only it wants jepanning; and he makes a flaming Show of fair Water colour'd with Saffron. This Mr. Would-be-a Knave, but only he's too much Fool, keeps much Company with a *Presbyterian* Cobler living by *Clare-Market*, a precise Fellow, who uses less Ceremony with his God, than to his Customers, for to the latter he stands bare-headed for six Pence, but to the former will not do it for Salvation; believing, perhaps, that *one Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush*; or that necessarily being one of the Elect, he is too familiar with God to stand

stand upon Ceremony : But the Religion of both these Fellows is a good quiet Subject ; and they are (like the *Civilians* and *Proctors* at *Doctors-Commons*) hot for *High-Church*, tho' they never go within any.

But not forgetting what I had seen in the *Papish Chapel*, and the strait Road which the *Romish Church* takes to damn her Communicants, I shall e'en retire to my Cell again, to contemplate seriously on the Doctrine of the Church of *England*, which in my Conscience I think the only Way to bring a Man, if truly pious and religious, to the Enjoyment of that eternal Peace and Glory, which will be the certain Reward of all those who live a godly, righteous, and sober Life.

F I N I S.



